

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

His Last Match.

By ISABEL FROST.
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HE professor had noticed his fellow travelers but slightly on the trip to the caves from his hotel at Staunton. He was deep in a description of the famous caverns and making notes of special features he was anxious to see.

Another thing, the professor was not susceptible to feminine influence, however proximate. He had been a guest at the Mountain View Hotel for five weeks, jaunting hither and yon on his research work, and never had even the suspicion of romance crossed his path; but just as they reached the end of the road leading to the caves he had closed his notebook, placed it in his inner pocket and glanced up to meet the most interesting eyes he had ever seen, gazing at him questioningly.

There were two persons before him—the owner of the eyes and her companion evidently a relative. The first was about 20, her traveling suit was a dark brown linen, her hat of close brown straw, her waist of ponce and her eyes and hair were brown. Some vagrant lines from Percy's Reliques crossed the professor's mind.

"Oh, not brown maid, I met these wandering."

All clad in woodland brown."

Her companion, the professor noted hastily, was somewhere in the uncertain years of spinsterhood; her face, fedora only accentuated her rather sharp profile and reticent manner. She eyed the professor with reflective postponed judgment, at the same time noting his interest in the "nut brown maid."

At the entrance to the caves the two went ahead, as the professor lingered, lured by the printed descriptions in the guide-books for sale at the door. The old man in charge answered all his queries mechanically. The day was warm, and visitors had been numerous. Yes, the caves were so many miles long, only a certain portion had been explored, some were lighted by electricity, and some by guide torches. There was no danger, if you were pretty sure footed, an didn't go wandering off by your self. The caves were all natural formation, etc.

The professor received his torch and tucked it under his arm, absent-mindedly, quite as if it had been a baton. He ignored the little box of safety matches held out by the m.c.n., and made way into the caves jubilant.

Far in advance rambled Mollie and Miss Annabel. It was Mollie's first trip in vacation time; in fact, it was her first year as teacher, and now instead of keeping her mind firmly on Miss Annabel's dissertation on stag-malices and stalactites, she was wondering whether every one was interested in such things, whether that nice blond boy with the eyeglasses who had set opposite to them in the stage really and truly enjoyed going through the caves on a midsummer day, when all the beauty of the outside world called to them. She remembered seeing him at the hotel near Staunton and on several of their expeditions. Oh, how tired she was of that word, expedition. To travel, and should have a gypsy cart, and no time schedules.

She hardly caught what Miss Annabel was saying when all at once the

By BIDDY BYE.

You can't always tell a peach by its complexion. Clingstones are of ten smooth of skin and delicately tinted but fit only for picking.

For centuries the peach has been esteemed the world around as the loveliest of all the fruits, nevertheless, there is something enigmatical about all the peach tribe. Whether the peach belongs to the plum family along with the apricot, almond and cherry is a puzzle. Some scientists claim the peach is an evolutionized almond, others hold it to be a distinct genus of Chinese origin.

Apriots and nectarines are so

lights went out and they were in pitch darkness.

"Thank goodness we have our torches," exclaimed Miss Annabel thankfully. "Be careful where you step. The bottomless lake in just beyond us—was it the pool of the Gnomes? Do you remember, Mollie?"

"I don't remember anything," replied Mollie desperately, "and I haven't any matches. What do you suppose has happened?"

Just then a guide's voice sounded far at the end of the cavern. Something had happened at the power plant. The lights would be turned on at any instant. Every one was to stay on the exact spot where they were and move at their own peril. Even as he said this there came a splash. Not a loud one, but just as if a stone had been tossed into the lake, and then a voice almost within a few feet of them.

"It's all right," said the professor. "It was my match safe. I was nervous and it fell from my hands, but I've one last match left. I think we'll have to risk it for our torches."

"Haven't you any paper?" asked Miss Annabel sharply. "We could twist tapers and conserve the light supply in this way."

The professor shuddered. He had only his notebook, filled with precious data for several magazine articles. He struck the match as a last hope, and it caught the pitch-dipped tow on the end of his torch. The flare of light revealed the two on the rock below him, and the professor improved every moment of the time they waited. He drew imagery of the past. He was Dante, he said, conveyed by Beatrice and one of her blessed companions through the shades. Come to think of it, he would rather be Orpheus seeking Eurydice. Miss Annabel sniffed audibly.

"I don't see," she said, "how you can ever think flippantly in a place like this. I feel as if I were buried alive."

The lights failed to go up, and the guides came through the caverns to lead all the tourists out safely. Miss Annabel went ahead, while the professor aided Mollie. At the entrance,

much like peaches, peach recipes may be applied to them.

PEACH COBBLER.

Fill a deep earthen baking dish with halves of ripe peaches leaving a few stones for flavoring. Add half a cupful of ice water and half a cupful of sugar for each half dozen peaches, and cover with a fine pastry crust. Bake and serve hot or cold with cream.

PEACH PAN DOWDY

Fill a baking dish with sliced peaches seasoned with sugar, cinnamon and butter, moisten sugar with water and cover the fruit with pastry crust. Bake slowly. When browned re-

move the crust, place half of the peaches on a platter, over them place the crust, and cover it with the remainder of the peaches. Serve with cream.

PEACH SOUFFLE.

Peel 8 fine ripe peaches and rub them through a sieve. Mix with one cupful powdered sugar and beaten yolks of 3 eggs, and beat hard for 5 minutes. Into this mixture fold the beaten whites of 6 eggs, turn into a soufflé dish, sprinkle with sugar and bake in a brisk oven 6 minutes. Serve at once.

PEACH ICE CREAM.

Select perfectly ripe peaches, pare

and mash them and sweeten to taste. To each quart of fruit pulp allow one pint of cream and one pint of rich milk. Simmer one cup of milk with a few bruised peach kernels, cool and add the pulp. Freeze and set aside to ripen for three hours before serving.

A delicious peach ice cream may be made by adding one pint of peach pulp to one quart of cooked custard and freezing as usual.

PEACH FOAM.

Grate 2 firm peaches and whip stiff the white of one egg with a pinch of salt. Add gradually to the egg one tablespoonful of sugar, then one tablespoonful of grated peach, alter-

nating sugar and pulp and beating until the "snow" has swelled to at least 3 cupfuls. Flavor the sugar and egg with almond and have all ingredients ice cold. Serve in cups, or spread on sponge cake and brown quickly in a very hot oven.

PEACH SALAD.

Peaches make a fine salad if served with bananas, or celery and walnuts, or with chopped apples or pears. Arrange on lettuce hearts, and serve with a simple French dressing.

BAKED PEACHES.

Pare the fruit but do not remove the stones. Arrange in an earthen baking dish and sprinkle with sugar.

Dot with bits of butter and add enough water to moisten the sugar. Sprinkle with chopped nuts and bake until tender. Serve cold. Bake in custard cups and serve in same garnished with whipped cream.

DUTCH MOONS.

Use a sweetened shortcake batter or biscuit dough. Cut in circles with a cookie cutter and on each circle drop a spoonful of chopped fresh peaches or of peach jam or marmalade. Fold the circles, pinch the edges together, and shape into hall moons. Bake in a moderate oven. Especially nice for lunch baskets. Any fruit may be substituted for peaches.

upon the heart and the walls of the body's arteries. Sometimes these walls cannot stand the strain and then we read of some one who dropped dead in a fit of anger.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Mrs. W. M.: "Is trachoma transmissible, say among a family?"

Yes, if it is in the active stage. Avoid the same towels, bed clothes, etc.

DO YOUR BIT MADAM BY CANNING FOOD

Secretary Huston Makes An Especial Plea to the Housewives.

(Special Dispatch to West Virginian). WASHINGTON, Aug. 7.—"Mrs. Housewife, are you canning and preserving perishable fruits and vegetables NOW?" Is the question sent out from the Nation's Capital today by Secretary Huston of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

"The Department of Agriculture realizes that it is the desire of every woman in the country to serve the nation in this great crisis," said Secretary Huston, "and I wish therefore to suggest particular ways in which women can render a definite national service. I urge not only that every home assist in the conservation of the surplus perishable fruits and vegetables by canning, preserving, pickling, drying and storing, but also that every experienced woman place her knowledge at the disposal of her neighbors."

"At the beginning of the war the farmer and gardener responded promptly to the appeal issued by the President, and Nature has been bountiful. Now is the time for the consumers to do their share."

"Specially, may I not suggest that every woman take steps to do her share to call meetings of members of organizations to which she belongs for the discussion of the subject of the

conservation of perishable products. At these meetings those members of the organizations or others who are known to be skilled in canning, preserving, etc., might be invited to give demonstrations of these processes. That the community generally may benefit by these gatherings, I suggest that, through local newspapers, invitation be extended to the public to attend, and that the local press be asked to report the meetings so that the propaganda may be spread among those not present. More than one meeting should be held. In fact, during the next several weeks, when the harvesting season is at its height, frequent gatherings of this kind would be helpful."

"It seems to be desirable also that women's organizations should co-operate with the local food officials, so as to be able to utilize surplus perishable fruits or vegetables consigned to markets unable to absorb them."

"It is of the first importance that these perishable crops shall not be wasted. They must be consumed locally to as large an extent as possible, thereby lessening the drain on our store of staple products and relieving the pressure upon the transportation agencies."

"The season for the conservation of perishable foods is a short one, and I feel that efforts expended now by the women of the nation for a period of three or four weeks will accomplish a splendid and valuable work."

SOMETHING IN A NAME.



TABOR, Okla.—Carl Morris, midget named after the famous giant prizefighter, was arrested here for disturbing the peace. His parents, who hoped he would follow his namesake, had finally put him with a circus sideshow in disgust when he weighed only 50 pounds at 16 years. Before his arrest he had whipped the fat man and the wild man from Borneo. His parents have taken him to New York to train him to enter the ring for the flyweight championship.

Healthful Salads From Summer Apples

Wash your jars; wash rubbers; test rubbers for quality. Set jars in pan of hot water and let boil for 15 minutes. Pare and core apples; cut out rot spots. Leave whole, or slice, as preferred. Dip one minute in kettle of boiling water to prevent tarnishing. Plunge immediately into cold water. Pack apples in hot quart jars. Fill hot jars with hot sirup or boiling water. Cleanse rubbers quickly in hot soda bath (1 teaspoonful soda to 1 quart water.)

Put rubbers and tops in position. Tighten tops; not air tight. Place jars on false bottom in washbottle filled to within 2 inches of tops of jars with water same temperature as contents of jars. Put cover on washbottle; boil for 12 minutes. Start counting when water begins to boil.

Remove jars. Make tops air tight. Invert jars to discover leaks. If any are found, change rubbers and boil again for five minutes. Wrap jars. Store in cool, dry place.

TO MAKE SIRUP: 1 pound sugar, 1 gallon water. Boil until sugar is dissolved, strain out all impurities.

DON'T MISS ANY STEP. Cut this out NOW and save it. Watch for tomorrow's directions.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

Dear Mollie has written a letter, little book, to be opened each day on our trip. After breakfast each morning Dick and I open the letter for that day and we have a half hour's amusement in reading and commenting on her cleverness.

This morning the letter contained "Ten Epigrams of Interest to Honey-mooners."

The first epigram was: "The man who is a monogamist is pretty sure to be a misogynist. Therefore, oh, bride, you will have to choose between your husband loving all women or hating all women, which of course includes you."

"Clever, but not true," was Dick's comment.

Mollie's next epigram read: "Which ever way you judge a kiss, as naughty or nice, it is at least the most democratic thing in the world."

"I wonder if she ever told that to Chad," said Dick.

"Because Chadwick Hatton is so really aristocratic he would not like his wife to think even his kisses could be like those of the polloi."

"And yet kisses are all alike, Dick," I said.

"Never in a thousand years. There never was a kiss like any other kiss."

"And do you never regret the kisses that have gone before?"

"No, dear, for to the connoisseur the last kiss is the best of all." And then Dick leaned over and kissed me. That was very delicate love making, was it not, little book? I suppose I ought to have appreciated it but my rebellious thoughts went speculating on what kind of a kiss would Malcolm Stuart have for the woman he loved. You see, little book, Malcolm Stuart had never kissed me.

We were as far apart as the poles, little book. I could not tell Dick what I was thinking and I know unconsciously his thoughts were straying back into some hidden place where I might not follow. The oneness of husband and wife, little book, is a myth.

We came back to the present when I began to read Mollie's third epigram: "To be successful in marriage, both husband and wife must be diplomats—which means both husband and wife must know when to lie and what to lie about."

I hated to acknowledge the truth of this but Dick was franker and more honest, for he remarked, "The little devil, I wonder what experience she

has had in marriage that made her see it in that light."

"Then you think to know when and how to lie is a great accomplishment?" I asked.

"Well," he answered slowly, and his mouth curled up at one corner, "you certainly know a great diplomat is supposed to be a very accomplished man."

"But, Dick, I want those whom I love to tell me the truth."

"You want nothing of the kind, Margie. You want the person you love to tell you all the most flattering things he can conceive about you and although you know in your heart they are not true you like to think he believes them."

"Dick," I said solemnly, "when you are sick and have time to think you prove to be rather interesting."

"I'd put it just the other way, Margie—being ill and not being able to work at your business is very apt to make a man think of any little trivial subject that comes up."

"Then you think lying to your wife is a trivial subject, do you, my dear sir?"

"Not if you are found out," said irrepressible Dick.

HEALTH HINTS

Anger is a weakness which many people mistake for strength.

A real man with strength of character rarely loses control of his temper. Anger does the angry person more harm than it does anyone else. Science tells us anger creates poison within the body which upsets a man's digestive apparatus. This partly explains why a grouchy is usually a dyspeptic.

The thing works in a circle. A good beginning towards a permanent cure of dyspepsia is a cheerful disposition. Stop and think. See if you can remember one single good thing you have ever accomplished by getting angry. Anger never has helped you to finish a job sooner or do it better. It has never added one cent to your earnings, it has never obtained new friends for you or helped you retain the old ones.

Then, too, an angry man is frequently a careless man. Some men get angry when a tool doesn't work right. When a man loses his temper over a little thing of that kind he stands a mighty good chance to lose something else along with it—a finger or a hand or his head to say nothing about the ten to one shot that his digestion will be lost also.

Anger burns up bodily energy just as much as hard work does. Burns it up without accomplishing anything but harm.

Anger is just as bad for the nervous system as sand is for the gear box of a machine.

Anger makes the "blood boil" and incidentally puts a needless strain

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(EVIDENTLY TOM WILL APPOINT HIMSELF FINSTRUCTOR.)—BY ALLM

